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Buffalo Belles Newsletters

The Madeline Davis Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual,  
Transgender Archives of Western New York

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# February 2002

Buffalo Belles

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# The Buffalo Belles Newsletter



## February 2002 Issue

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**Meeting time** for our regular monthly meetings  
*has been changed to 7:00pm*

**Dues** for year 2002 are \$25 for full membership and \$15 for supporting. You can send it to the P.O. Box or pay at a meeting. Make your check out to "The Buffalo Belles". The amount each member owes is printed on the envelope the newsletter arrives in. It is after their mailing name.

Example> Jane Smith R-25

**\*After March** newsletters will not be sent to members who have not paid their membership dues.

## Info Line

**(716) 879-0973**

Mail Correspondence to:

**Buffalo Belles**

**P.O. Box 1701**

**Amherst, NY 14226**

Or Email:

**buffalo\_belles@juno.com**

Check out our website at>

**www.geocities.com/buffalobelles**

\*To submit an article for print in this newsletter send it to the editor at >**michelefox32@aol.com**  
by the 15<sup>th</sup> of each month

## What happened at the February meeting?

We had an awesome discussion on transsexualism and crossdressing, and how they both affect our lives. We each also had a turn to answer the question > "So, when did you first crossdress?" Before we knew it, it was 10:00 and time to go! Great meeting for sure.

The February 2002 meeting had 6 members in attendance.

They were;

Brenda H, Jo S, Mallissa G,  
Michelle F, Trissa L, Kendra K

## CROSSING THE LINE BETWEEN GENDERS

### WHAT MEN FIND WHEN THEY BECOME WOMEN

By Julie Deardorff

Julie Deardorff is a Tribune staff reporter

April 8, 2001

Deirdre McCloskey, an economist who was born and raised as a man named Donald, likes to say she visited womanhood and stayed. It wasn't just so she could wear lipstick, and it certainly wasn't a career move. She simply wanted to realign her body with her brain. Now, four years after undergoing gender-correction surgery, Deirdre has an unusual perspective on the differences between men and women and the societal constructs of gender. Deirdre cries more than Donald did. She believes men are sexually intriguing and emotionally dim.

As a woman, she drives more slowly and less aggressively. She is less confident when dealing with salespeople and auto mechanics. She is more concerned about her weight and appearance. She has more friends. And she thinks less about sex and more about love. If there is one group that has been both cursed and blessed with a peek into both worlds, it is the transgender community, made up of cross-dressers, transsexuals--those who live as a gender other than the one designated at birth--and a range of people in between. Though many dismiss transsexuals as hopelessly troubled and confused, the insights of those wrestling with gender issues could prove beneficial beyond the age-old nature-vs.-nurture debate. The transgender population represents an underused research pool that can help conduct anecdotal or scientific research, insists Rikki Swin, a male-to-female transsexual who founded a gender research facility in Chicago partly to study this issue. The Rikki Swin Institute, which opened in March, is a \$3.5 million center for education and research fully funded by Swin, with a library and archives. It is primarily designed to help the mainstream world understand the transgender one, to break down Jerry Springer-like portrayals of transsexuals, and to show the community in a positive, productive light. Questions Swin, 53, would like to see answered include: Do hormones cause differences in the way men and women drive? Do genders perceive color, shading and depth differently? Do differences in alcoholism rates between men and women stem from hormonal influence? Would estrogen therapy, already found to decrease the incidence of coronary heart disease in postmenopausal women, have the same benefit in men? Because transsexuals voluntarily take hormones opposite to that of their birth anatomy, Swin believes they can speak to these questions in ways others can't. Already, doctors are using the female hormone estrogen to treat prostate cancer. In the past few years, scientists also have been researching whether estrogen is essential for skeletal health in men, according to a report called "Sex Steroid and Bone" in the January publication of the American Physiological Society. Part of the Rikki Swin Institute's mission is to further this kind of work. "The goal is to benefit society as a whole," said Swin, who found that, after transitioning to a woman, her curiosity increased, her interior decorating improved and she no longer felt pressured to watch sports. "The image of transsexuals is highly distorted by

sensationalist talk shows." The condition of gender dysphoria, a persistent feeling that one's true gender does not match one's physical body, which afflicts an estimated 3 percent to 10 percent of the U.S. population, had been studied long before gender-treatment pioneer Dr. Harry Benjamin saw his first transsexual patient in 1948. Scientists have looked at everything from the sexual activity and temperament in Polish transsexuals to the role of grandmothers in a transsexual's life.

But gender identity, misunderstood long before Freud weighed in, continues to baffle people today. Often it is confused with sexual identity. Simply put, gender is who you are. Sexual identity reflects who you want to share sex with. Gender identity doesn't change. Sexual identity can. Though there is a surging tide of evidence that shows gender is biologically based and not learned, no one really knows where gender resides: in the brain, the body, the soul. McCloskey has several theories on why her behavior became stereotypically feminine after living as a man for 52 years, a life that included a wife and children. "Genetics doesn't work [as an answer] because I have XY chromosomes" said McCloskey, a professor at the University of Illinois at Chicago. But the effects of powerful hormones, the different social expectations women are under and the fact that her true personality has finally been allowed to emerge are all factors. Just last week McCloskey attended a UIC seminar on the human genome. "As Donald, I would have been more argumentative, more inclined to compete with this guy giving the presentation," Deirdre said. "I know I would've, because I did it hundreds and hundreds of times. But when I changed, I had no need to. Maybe it is the social role. I have a funny feeling. I've recouped a personality I had as a child." When a genetic female takes testosterone, the experience resembles male puberty for the first few years. A woman's voice cracks and drops, her facial features coarsen and grow masculine, her skin gets rougher, she sprouts facial and body hair and her sex drive increases. Often women get acne on their face, chest or back. Other effects include a cessation of the menstrual cycle and growth of the clitoris.

Emotionally, the hormones cause teenage like mood swings that eventually level out. Contrary to the stereotype that testosterone causes aggression, many experience a greater sense of calm, according to the International Foundation for Gender Education. "Many of us report feeling more assertive and being quicker to stick up for ourselves, but the important thing to remember is this: Testosterone will help bring out your real self, but it will not turn you into someone you're not. If you're a nice person, you still stay a nice person, and there is no need to worry about becoming the Incredible Hulk," according to an IFGE primer. When genetic men take female hormones such as Premarin, a form of estrogen, or Proscar, an anti-androgen, which block testosterone in its active form, breast size increases and body hair decreases. Their body fat is redistributed into a more womanly shape and the skin turns softer. Taking estrogen also results in the shrinking of the penis and testicles. It does not, however affect facial hair. Many transsexuals use painful and expensive electrolysis treatments to remove their mustaches and beards. Alison Liange, an anatomical male who frequently lives as a female, is taking a very low dose of female hormones as a treatment for prostate cancer and found she can see color much better than in the past. She also said her occasional need for erotic behavior has vanished. "It just absolutely went," said Liange, 68, the co-leader of a recent gender conference held in

the Chicago area. "My dear wife [Liange remains married to a woman] calls them my patient pills. I think the best way to sabotage dictators is to sneak estrogen into their liquor." Liange believes living as a woman has given him greater insight into his wife but doesn't know whether it's because of hormones or simply increased sensitivity. "In the old days, if my wife had said 'It's awfully bright in here,' I would have said, 'Yeah.' Now I know she wants me to turn the light down," Liange said. Maybe a combination of the two genders isn't such a bad idea, says Liange. Many women who take testosterone suddenly realize what a great advantage male power and aggression can be. "But some of these people are the most kind, gentle men you'll ever meet," said Liange. "It's the best of both worlds." The reality for transgender people who have made the transition, however, are staggeringly high emotional costs, ruined relationships with family and friends, and plenty of aggravations

At the January and February meetings we have been discussing the idea of changing our group's name. The community we live in has an evolving and growing transgendered population. A change of name is an appropriate and necessary way to openly invite them to join us. Our advertisement in "Artvoice" along with our website notice clearly spell out our all-inclusive nature, pertaining to crossdressing/transgendered individuals. Our current name may bespeak group policy, which is intended to exclude certain groups. So changing our group's name to one that rings of diversity may be timely. Everyone so far seems to support it. If there are members who have another opinion they should speak up. So far the only real candidate for the new name is "Buffalo Gender Expression." Anyone got any ideas? We may at a future date have an e-mail and/or return ballot vote. There are currently 55 members, so 30 "yes" votes should be sufficient.

I have to agree that a thoughtful examination of our website notice could mistakenly lead folks to think we are so all-inclusive that we'd let non-crossdressing gays and lesbians into a crossdressing/transsexual group. It's just the somewhat vague wording sending a mixed signal. Which is what the whole point of page two in January's newsletter really was. Does our name, Website, and Artvoice ad all uniformly speak about what we are and whom we want to join? Are we sure the point is made clearly? If we answer yes to both we're in business. If we answer no to either one then a correction may be in order.

### Review: Supreme Indignity by Lori Buckwalter

The silence is deafening, and I have finally concluded I must be in shock or denial. Believe me, I have waited most of this week to read one commentary on CBS's new television show, First Monday, which actually addresses my concerns about the portrayal of transgendered people in its pilot episode. Nothing.

So, I have largely spent this time in rethinking my own attitudes, and have come to realize that this reaction is so prevalent among us that we rarely even have the energy to express our outrage. Outrage is, I think, the proper response to this travesty of a show, and not just because it's bad TV. It's

associated with the new life, including ridiculously long women's bathroom lines. Male to female transsexuals can effectively confirm that women are not imagining gender discrimination. Nearly every male-to-female transsexual has found that, after outwardly becoming a woman, auto mechanics or cable repairman consider them less competent. Swin, a chemical engineer who holds several patents, said her technical abilities suddenly became suspect. McCloskey remembers being the only woman in a group of male economists and making a point that was ignored. That same point was commended a few minutes later when made by a man. At first, in an extremely backward way, she was delighted to be treated like a woman. That thrill--as the rest of us women know--quickly faded. As McCloskey likes to say, "You've got to walk a mile in someone's high heels before you know how they fee

### Our Group:

The question posed in January's newsletter "Do we want to be all-inclusive?" is misleading to some. Currently non-crossdressing gays and lesbians are not permitted to join. We are not that kind of support group. No change to that will be made. "All-inclusive" in our case means all transgendered people are welcome. A complete "head to toe" crossdressed appearance seems to be an unspoken rule. If you crossdress then you can join. If you don't crossdress, you may not join. Right?

The folks we are hoping to include in our membership are people who only hear about us from well intentioned but not completely informed support networks, and stereotype us into "A MtoF group only." Believe it or not, it has happened before. And it may be happening right now. Yes our ad in Artvoice says it all, but our name does not. Besides, they may not have ever even seen our Artvoice ad anyway. If that small minority of TG folks does not correctly infer we're diverse, they may not even bother. I want them to bother. I want them to ask about us and maybe later on even consider joining. I don't know if they will seek us out, who knows for sure? But they are part of the evolving and growing transgendered community we are a part of. It stinks when you feel like you're all alone, like you have no one to talk to who can understand. Remember how we all felt before finding each other? It was awful for me anyway. Maybe they won't join us, but others and myself want to give them every overt invitation in the hopes that they will.

really egregious qualities are not just clumsy, bad writing and acting - they are the clear intention of the producers of this show to use stereotypes and ridicule of trans people as a hook to sensationalize a media monster. When all else fails, play the tranny card.

For those of you who were blessed to ignore this show, or found that the PBS special on Mark Twain was more compelling, I'll do my best to describe what I saw, cringing on my sofa. First Monday is a show about the US Supreme Court, and poses a cadre of imaginary Justices whose major talent

seems to be ideological infighting and overt bigotry. This pilot episode dealt, ostensibly, with the issues of capital punishment for minors and sanctuary for trans people from regimes even more culturally draconian than our own. For the characters involved, there was a disparate treatment. The condemned murderer was treated sympathetically, but the trans characters were not so lucky.

Really, I sensed I might be prone to overreaction when Nina Totenberg ran some really awful audio trailers from the show on Tuesday morning, decrying its appeal to base humor for content. I hoped my sensitivity to the clips I heard might be assuaged by as objective a viewing as I could achieve. I checked my ideological guns at the door of the TV room and settled in. The horror, the horror...

Let's cut to the chase, folks. The segment that dealt with trans issues was a poorly padded beating by a blunt intellectual instrument. As Nina had so adroitly noted earlier, one was left to wonder in which universe an individual would be placed for interrogation before an opening public session of the High Court, but that was the fate of the trans person who was appealing an apparent INS ruling against granting sanctuary. She was humiliated repeatedly by the phony Justices who suggested that she could easily go "back home" if she would just "put your pants back on." Not that the Justices actually gave this person the benefit of pronoun choice.

Other lines which drew purported laughter from those in chambers were: "So do you intend to be castrated like a bull?" and the always-funny "So what bathroom do you use?" I watched the actor portraying "Angel" and was reminded of a deer caught in headlights. Although I couldn't actually see their feet behind the bench, it appears the Holy Nine, supposed to represent the legal and moral standards of this democracy, all had right feet firmly on the accelerator. We never did find out the disposition of her appeal, but were left to infer from the echoing guffaws and carnivalesque background music what it might be.

Ah, but wait... were you thinking this was all? But you may be forgetting the most titillating stereotype available to those whose phobic worldview lurks just beneath the surface of civility. The gorgeous babe who was Angel's attorney was... what else... a transsexual woman herself. We were led to suspect something when, after her appearance before the Court, this attorney confided that the transgender community had anticipated putting a case before the Supremes, but her real regret was "he's just a transvestite." (This, of course, contradicted her explicit contention before the Court that in fact Angel was NOT a transvestite, but a true transsexual.)

Not until the "busy litigator" tore herself away to romp in a salsa club with a conservative clerk of the Court, and not until after the camera had dwelt longingly on her well-rounded *bottom in rampant frottage* on the unsuspecting clerk's groin did she turn and announce that her real incentive in representing this client had come from her being "a transsexual too!" Not content with the shock value of this statement, the producers insisted in doing a voice-over on this clearly non transsexual woman, one in which we are led to believe that her voice drop of some octaves was inevitable and natural. Need I say that this revelation spelled the end of the date? It was the end of my internal apologetics for the educational potential of the show...

I'm aware that different people have different views of and values concerning trans issues. Even trans folks themselves

do. I understand that there can be a debate on whether gender identity is a compelling internal characteristic, or a social construct. That's not the point.

CBS and the producers of First Monday created the trans segment of this episode solely to amplify already existing pejorative stereotypes about transgendered people, and to use the titillation for ratings. How can it be conscionable to leave the largely uncontested impression that we trans folk are ridiculous and available for verbal abuse in public, even in the nation's highest judicial venue? What was the purpose of having the "transsexual" attorney in this case lament having to represent "a transvestite?" What integrity did the attorney have, implying that she lied to the Supreme Court about her client's identity? Could they have resisted the urge to pose the "passable" (actually gorgeous) attorney as deceptive enough to ensnare a naive conservative into what most American men would still suspect as a gay relationship?

I'm offended by the presumption and exploitation that CBS has allowed in this show, particularly because it's directed at trans people. But, if this incident stood alone, it might be tolerable. What it really does is reinforce the prevailing atmosphere of exclusion, abuse and derision that is permissible in this culture towards trans people. This is meant to steal our hope, our self-worth and our courage to believe we may actually be admitted to our own social and legal community. It has a profound effect upon us, though we scarcely dare to speak about it.

When my partner and I walk down the street, borderline bigots encouraged by this show and others may feel it's OK to abuse, threaten or attack us. They may do the same to our friends and fellows, knowing that there is to be no sanctuary, no rights for us here, even if we take it to the Supreme Court. We are, after all, objects of ridicule or perverted temptresses. And this is for the service of bad TV, bad values and the abysmal general ignorance of our aspirations and problems.

So I am here to tell you (if no one else will) that it's not all right, and we will not accept this untouchable status. But the silence is deafening. Where are the voices of others in this society who have suffered decades of bigotry, and who know its form and feeling? When will they rise up to decry our abuse? For that matter, where are the voices of trans people who should be outraged by the ease with which we are shamed and dismissed? Our silence is the sound of the death of our dignity.

## Just How Trans Am I?

*By Janet Lane*

Ever find yourself wondering just how far you're going to take this little hobby of yours? Do you seem to be gliding over to the feminine side a little more every year?

For the answer to that question, take the following completely unscientific quiz, and at the end, I'll give you a totally meaningless answer.

1. On Monday nights, you like to:

- A. "Watch Monday Night Football with the hopes of seeing some bone-crushing hits."
- B. "Switch back and forth between the Home Shopping Club and

football, with the hope of catching the cheerleaders in their darling outfits."

C. "Watch my tape of Just Like a Woman while sewing sequins back onto my party dress."

2. While you are attending a business seminar in drab, a beautiful woman shows interest in you. You say:

- A. "You're a really interesting person. Where could we get a cup of coffee?"
- B. "You're cute. Where could we get a drink?"
- C. "You're a doll. Where did you get that skirt?"

3. It will cost \$250 to fix your brakes, and you have exactly that amount left in your checking account. You say to yourself:

- A. "I'm getting the brakes fixed immediately. Safety first."
- B. "If I fixed the brakes myself, I could spend the difference at Victoria's Secret."
- C. "I still have \$250?!! I think I can coast to the Galleria."

4. Your wife recently asked you not to:

- A. Wear her dresses and skirts without asking her first.
- B. Wear her bras and panties without asking her first.
- C. Have her clothes altered without asking her first.

5. You find that shopping for clothing with your spouse or girlfriend:

- A. "Bores the hell out of me. I'd rather be fishing."
- B. "Excites me. It's fun to share our love of feminine fashions."
- C. "Frustrates me. She poops out after only four or five hours."

6. If you recycled all the catalogs you receive in a year, you could probably save:

- A. A small maple tree.
- B. A 100-year-old oak.
- C. The Mark Twain National Forest.

7. You hate to admit that you have become a little jealous of your boss because he:

- A. "Makes way more money than he deserves."
- B. "Is very smooth at playing office politics."
- C. "Would make a pretty good lookin' woman if he wanted to."

8. You begin to worry about your shopping when you find that you are spending more money on women's clothing than:

- A. You spend on men's clothing.
- B. You spend on the mortgage payment.
- C. The Coast Guard spends on uniforms.

9. The telephone rings. It's probably:

- A. A buddy, inviting you to go hunting with him.
- B. A girlfriend, calling to gossip with you.
- C. Your favorite sales clerk at Dillard's, calling to say she misses you.

10. You would not want your co-workers to know that you sometimes spend your lunch hour:

- A. Having a drink at McGurk's.
- B. Gambling at Casino St. Charles.
- C. Practicing your feminine voice in your Buick.

11. Complete the following sentence: "If we can put a man on the moon, why can't we..."

- A. "Get peace in the Middle East?"
- B. "Find a cure for the common cold?"
- C. "Make a pair of nylons that doesn't run?"

12. While talking with an "800" operator at Frederick's of Hollywood, which of the following are you most likely to say:

- A. "Really, it's just a present for my wife."
- B. "I have a 33-inch waist. What's the waistline on that leather dress?"
- C. "What does it take to get you people to raise my credit limit?"

13. If you walked into your favorite bar dressed as a woman, which of the following would be most likely to happen?

- A. Afraid of being recognized, you would have a quick drink in a quiet corner.
- B. Afraid of being ignored, you would perch on a barstool, cross your legs, and smile sweetly.
- C. Norm, Cliff, and the rest of the gang would shout in unison, "Trixie!"

14. At a holiday party, your spouse whispers that you should stop acting like such a know-it-all about the subject of:

- A. Sports
- B. Politics
- C. Cosmetic surgery

15. While driving to work through heavy traffic, you see a young woman absent-mindedly putting on eye shadow while she drives. You roll down the window and yell:

- A. "Hey! Keep your eyes on the road!"
- B. "Hey! Why don't you pull over to do that!"
- C. "Hey! Blue eye shadow at the office is a big mistake!"

**Scoring:** Give yourself 1 point for each question you answered A, 2 points for each B, and 3 points for each C. Total your score.

**15 to 20 points:** You are excessively locked into a stereotypical male gender role. Get a massage and facial.

**21 to 30 points:** You are on speaking terms with your feminine side. You own a lip liner and know how to use it.

**31 to 45:** You are probably lying in a bubble bath right now, reading this quiz by the glow of scented candles.

**Most of all,** don't let a silly survey tell you who you are. Find out for yourself.



## Nancy's Perspective

Yes, it's that time of year to think pink! Well, you could think red, blush, rose or scarlet, but PINK is traditional. Get out the pink items you have in the back of your closet and live for the moment.

I suppose I lucked out recently when 87 shoe catalogs came to my post office box. Those were in addition to the 200 other catalogs of various descriptions. Anyway, as I was looking for the perfect pair (which don't exist) I noticed a little something that has been right before my eyes for years. I am convinced men are in charge of naming rights for all styles of shoes designed for women. These same men don't have an ounce of TG blood in them that's for sure.

Talk about Synonyms! What, for example is a mule? Is it the offspring of a mule and a mare? Or is it fancy high heel slippers without backs to them, which are held on by only the toe part? My favorite is the pump. I know the man who named that one was a plumber. Is a pump a machine for moving or altering the pressure of fluids or gas, as by suction or pressure? Or is it a closed type of shoe with or without buckles on the toes but generally without any other fancywork or ornamentation? It's BOTH! Of course they couldn't just stop there so we also have the sling pump, open-toed pump and the D'Orsay pump to name a few. Thankfully, most of us liked our mother's pumps better than the other variety.

Of note is the fact that when these same men ran out of names we wound up with a unisex style that can be worn by

both men and women. Here we find such fan favorites as: loafer, boat/deck shoe, walker/walking shoe, oxford, sandal, clog, moc, slipper, boot, etc. Thankfully (I think) they did manage to put a lot of styles into a female category (at least what is conceived to be female only) like: wedge, casual, flat, slip-on, skimmer, espadrille, slide, bootie, platform and perhaps even dancing. Because they reached a limit on specific styles then they came up with a sub-style to make sure you never have all the shoes you need. I picked up on a few from one catalog. You have: Trixie, Sarah, Christi, Marissa, Ella, Lindsey, Vick, etc. These are all just pumps, but unless you have one pair under each name your collection isn't complete. How about Dallas, Chill, Focus, Tempo, Guest, Towner, etc. What do those names have to do with shoes? STOP THE MADNESS!!!

After you get all "pretty in pink" with your pink lingerie, and dress to match-put on some pink heels and go to the local video rental store to pick up a copy of "The Pink Panther." Sit back and enjoy the show.

Here is my tip of the month. Remember, when you are all dressed up and want to act like a female: don't pick your nose with a finger, use a Kleenex.

See you at the next meeting. If you GO TO IT!!  
Your Sister,  
Nancy

looking to see what stalls were open, he approached and asked for my ID. I explained that I was in the right bathroom, that I am transgender and I understood his confusion, but I was just going to use the bathroom and leave. Craig came in after the cop because he was worried about me, and as the cop forcefully asked for my ID over and over, Craig said "He's in the right bathroom, please just let him pee and we'll leave." Craig even volunteered to show his ID to the cop if it would help. When I realized that the cop wasn't going to leave us alone despite our explanations. I said, "Let's just leave, I'll pee somewhere else." At that point, we tried to walk past the cop and he physically restrained us by pushing us up against the wall and blocking our exit while he radioed for back up. Ultimately, we were thrown to the floor and dragged (with me screaming "I was just trying to pee! Help me!" to the tourist and protester onlookers) through the station. Our other friend Ananda was also arrested while trying to advocate for us.

We were held for 23 hours at 3 different precincts. I was placed with Ananda with the "female" population. Craig was housed with the "male" population. It was a typical jail stay with the usual discomforts: lack of food and water, freezing cold, overcrowding, filth, and verbal harassment. Also typically, most of the people we met inside had been arrested for crimes like being poor, being non-white, being homeless, etc. The most emotionally challenging part for me was the transphobia I encountered from the court attorney who represented me at my arraignment. He came to the cell around noon yesterday (2/3/02), read the police statement on my court documents, and asked why I was in the "men's" room. I explained that I am transgender and I customarily use "men's" rooms, go by a male

name and pronoun. He wrinkled up his face, said with a very dismissive and disapproving attitude "That is your business. I don't care." and then asked me what my genitalia is. I asked "Why is do you need to know that?" Being unfamiliar with state court criminal proceedings, and having been told by the National Lawyer's Guild attorney who visited us in our cells at Grand Central that the arraignment was a formality that did not require his assistance, I was unclear as to how much detail about my situation would be required for this attorney to do his job at the arraignment. Also, having experienced on numerous occasions the inappropriately personal questions asked by some people who are hostile about my transgender identity, I was on guard to make sure that I would only have to engage in such a conversation if it was relevant to my legal case. The attorney took offense to my questioning the relevance of his inquiry about my genitalia, and communicated that if I would not cooperate with him, that was my problem. Because I was unsure about what would happen to me if he would not advocate for me vigorously, and because I feared being given a bail I could not meet, I ultimately suffered the indignity of having to satisfy his curiosity about my genitalia by explaining it. Even then, he said dismissively about my transgender "well, that is your personal business" and left without giving me any information about what would happen in the courtroom. For the next several hours, I was deeply concerned about the quality of representation I would get in the courtroom, and whether I would be released on my own recognizance.

Much to my relief, I discovered upon entering the

## Maidhood

### The Rocky Horror Stage Show Costume Contest The Thrill of Being Accepted

By Bobbi Swan

The Rocky Horror Show first opened in London to a small sixty-seat studio as a six-week work project in 1973. It received such acclaim that it was moved to larger quarters in a converted cinema in London's fashionable Chelsea. Following the theater's demolition it found a permanent home for years at the 500 seat King's Road Theatre.

One of the most dynamic and creative forces of the American music industry, Lou Adler, who was in London at the time picked up the American rights within 36 hours of opening night. The play of middle class conformity versus alien perversity swept America almost as fast as it did in England. While it has been made into a movie with an International cult following -- it's important to separate the stage show from the movie.

In London an annual showing is held much to the delight of the attendees with most of the audience in costume fitting to the production. That makes it a crossdresser's dream and a night dressed in lingerie, fishnets and fantasy left to the imagination. A close 'trannie' friend of mine who serves as one of the best dressed International maids, Sally Moss, attended the last in London dressed as Magenta. Who else but the charming maid in the production and sister of Riff Raff the hunchback.

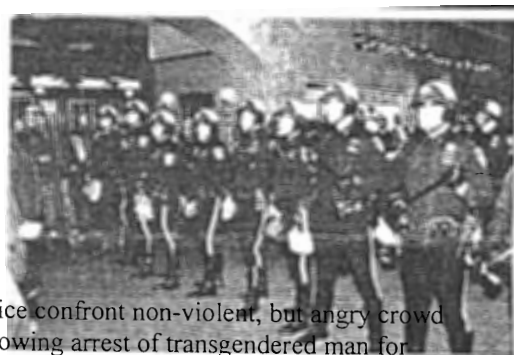
Sally twitted me with photos and a story of her night of fun and I never forgot it, jealous of her opportunity and trashed costume complete with torn fishnets.

And then I read it in a local theater review. The Rocky Horror Show was coming to the Detroit area with a four-week

courtroom that it was filled with friends and allies wearing "Living Trans is Not a Crime" stickers. Having them there, I knew that I would be safe. The prosecutor described my crime by saying "Defendant was asked for identification. Defendant responded, 'I am a man. I am a transvestite.'" If it wasn't so disturbing, it might have been funny. After that, the Judge released me on my own recognizance. Within the next half hour, Ananda and Craig were also released. All in all, we spent 23 hours in jail. I am being charged with two counts of Disorderly Conduct, one count of Trespassing, one count of Resisting Arrest, and one count of Obstruction of Government Administration. Ananda and Craig are being charged with Obstruction, Resisting, and Disorderly Conduct.

As a final note, I will tell you a few of the things these arrests have made me think about. First, I am outraged, of course, by the double-bind in which gender segregation of bathrooms leaves transgender, transsexual, gender variant, and genderqueer people. Like many people, each time I use a public bathroom I face the fact that no matter what choice I make, I may encounter harassment and potential violence and arrest. My level of bathroom anxiety, of course, is increased by the weekend's events. However, I am hopeful that the increased visibility of this problem afforded by the media coverage of the arrests and the organizing we will continue will result in policy changes about bathroom segregation. I hope that this arrest will spark campaigns to provide safe, non-gendered bathroom options for all people in all public spaces. I intend to continue vigorously advocating on this issue.

## Police Arrest Transgendered Person by John Riley 4:46pm Sun Feb 3, 2002



Police confront non-violent, but angry crowd following arrest of transgendered man for using the men's room.

Date: Mon, 4 Feb 2002 13:49:26 -0800 (PST)  
From: dean spade <deanspade@yahoo.com>

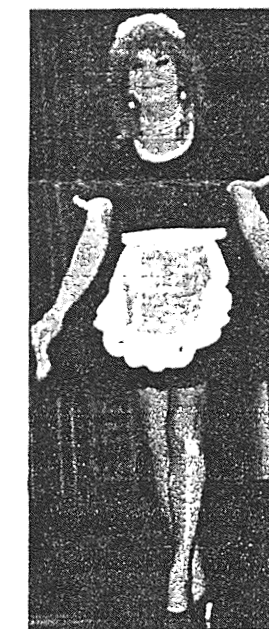
On Saturday (2/2/02), I participated with my affinity group in the anti-WEF rally at 59th Street and the long march that followed curving around down toward the Waldorf Astoria. By 5pm, after 6 hours of being outside in the cold, we were all very tired and needed to use the bathrooms and get some food. We went to Grand Central station, and headed toward the bathrooms on the Dining Concourse level. I entered the "men's" room, as is my custom, and was followed in by a cop. As I was

stand at the Meadow Brook Theatre at Oakland University. Better yet, one special late show was being held to host a costume contest with great prizes offered. Further investigation discovered that the Costume Director had contacted the Dressing Room for those many necessary items including, fishnet stockings, garter belts and especially comfortable dancing high heel shoes for the full cast.

I bought a ticket for the 10:30 PM Saturday show and found they were nearly sold out already. Sally Moss was to be my role model and off I started to prepare for an appearance as the character, Magenta.

My new black velvet French maid outfit from "Dressing For Pleasure" in Upper Montclair was an easy selection. Ms. Lisa of the

Dressing Room had helped me modify the dress with lace and added a new long blonde curly wig, huge black petticoat, shoes I had earlier purchased there and helped me with my eye shadow and makeup. Large human hair



Miss Bobbi Swan

eyelashes were glued to my lids making them act like window washers when I wore my glasses. I trashed an old apron and a pair of fishnets as Sally had done.

I drove alone to the theatre arriving sharply at 9:00 PM to register for the contest and pick up my prepaid ticket. My only incident in leaving home was my need to walk Katie, my Schnauzer, first. And sure enough there was a neighbor in the front yard staring at me in the long summer daylight we are now blessed with. "A costume party", I offered, as they gaped at me in wonderment and Katie seemed to take her time much to my dismay.

On arrival I registered and much to my surprise noted on my entry that the prizes were to include theatre tickets for the next season (\$350) -- CDs for the show, autographed posters and the winner to be called to the stage for the finale of the performance. I finished the form and stepped to the window to pick up my prepaid ticket and there got quite a warm and most delightful reception with wishes for the best of luck in the contest.

I'd been a bit shy and apprehensive on walking up the street and long entrance to the theatre by the attention or stares I was getting and these were dispelled on the spot. My confidence grew. I was informed that I was to proceed down the theatre steps (the lobby is at the top of the sunken theatre) and proceed to the stage for judging. All would pass singly on stage before the three judges, be photographed, and respond to the judges for directions.

I had no idea things would proceed so swiftly so I begged off to take a trip to the rest room and powder my nose and check my makeup. Fresh lipstick was in order (I hesitated by the women's room and decided for the better part of valor and headed for the men's facility.) With a poof of Cologne, I gathered up my strength and headed back and down the long stairs to the stage papers in hand and a stick on badge number.

I was not the first and at least a dozen had proceeded me and I was ushered up center stage. A photographer took several shots after positioning me on a preset mark on the stage floor. The congenial judges asked me a few questions and had me spin and twirl a time or two. I had dropped my papers off to the side to pose and when I was dismissed I caught quite a rise in bending over from the judges and few in the audience. I guess I'd inadvertently showed a bit more than my huge black ruffled petticoat. I was wearing black sissy panties and of course the required black garter belt for the fishnets.

I climbed carefully up to my very high row seat and waited and watched. It was only a little after 9:30 by then and in the next 40 minutes the rest of the contestants would be paraded as I had been. At least 30 entered and 60 attended the play dressed in varying costumes. It was fun to watch the audience fill and with ten minutes to the performance start the theater was emptied for sound and stage checks.

Out in the lobby photographers were working again and I took a break for the rest room one more time. Each time meant parading through the long narrow lobby to the far end of the building, but it was necessary. I felt very much at ease as all the looks I got were smiles of encouragement and so very friendly, even though intense.

And this is where I really first had one of my biggest thrills ever in crossdressing. I was being totally accepted by a 'straight' crowd of people -- and it was mostly the women. I was getting compliments from them! One even said that I walked better in

heels than she could. Another asked how long I had been doing this. (My answer was that I had well rehearsed for the evening. -- that was not a lie!)

I returned to my seat as soon as the doors opened and almost immediately a nice couple sat by my side. The lady was seated next to me and I could easily tell by her looking cautiously at me that she wondered what in the world was going on. I sat prettily with my hands in my lap on my apron holding my PlayBill and explained that this single performance included a costume contest. She was all smiles and became a happy conversationalist. Her husband showed little interest but did smile graciously for an introduction. Meanwhile the theater filled fully and it became a game for me to watch many of them notice me and sneak looks, mostly the women. Some in front would turn and glance, not wanting to stare, and then the neighbor might turn as if looking for something else and blink and grin when they saw I was observing them with a little hand wave.

The lights went down and the show started with the announcement that this was not the movie picture show and that a contest would be held at intermission. This was a great performance and like all Rocky Horror Shows the audience was



Bobbi's friend  
Sally  
from The UK

fully into the play with conditioned responses to card cues.

Ten of us were named as soon as the curtain went down ending the first act and called to the stage. The audience did not leave their seats for this. I handed my handbag and program to my neighbor and trotted down twenty stairs to the stage as nimbly as I could in my heels and a lot more confident than when I left my parked car earlier.

The stage lights were on us all as we were introduced one by one and brought to front stage and given a chance to respond to individual accolades from the very receptive audience. On stage I was pretty much overwhelmed by the cheers and applause we got and I seemed to get extra attention from the play's announcer as he questioned me with

-- "Haven't I met you somewhere before?"

A big smile and wave from me satisfied him and then he started in with the envelopes for the 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> place winners. He began with the 3<sup>rd</sup> place winner. I understand the emotions of contest winners now better than ever before. Competitively you are anxious to hear your name called as he reads the famed envelopes for any place win and yet you struggle inside to aspire to be the winner and the last called -- but there are ten of us and you might not hear your name at all.

And then it happened.

Honestly, I was shaking when I heard it and so flattered that I kissed the emcee a big one on the cheek and curtsied as best I could several times. It was NOT just winning a prize -- a straight audience in high spirits was cheering me when I was dressed lady like and a crossdresser. Perhaps you might say it was the fetish of the French maid I was portraying -- but it was

all femme and that meant posture and bearing with confidence. And this was encouragement not just acceptance.

As I stepped from the stage I was met by two ushers and handed more prizes as well as being offered a special front row seat where I would be called up later for the finale of the show. Intermission was on and the crowd broke for the lobby and rest rooms and so did I. This time the Lady's Room was offered to me but it was easy to decline with a smile explaining that the line was too long. Besides, I allowed, I needed the handicap stall with my big petticoat and a big mirror that men hardly use!

Outside in the lobby it was the women that wanted to talk to me -- and several were anxious to pose with me for photos with the many cameras that had been brought to the show. Some wondered if I had flats in the car to drive with and if I'd come alone -- as I had. Those sitting around me wanted to see more of my legs, especially when they knew I'd be back on stage. It was always the women's attention that I would catch. Their escorts would smile cautiously and never have anything to say. I had little time to wonder over that until later on the way home. Perhaps some might be jealous -- and how many might have had that secret desire to crossdress that we are all so familiar with? I remembered going to drag shows like Finnochio's in San Francisco with a spouse or friend hiding my inner desires to dress and be like one of them.

I was excited and apprehensive as I watched the second act from my front row seat and then there was the smiling usher standing by me. The curtain calls were nearly over and I was led back on stage for not only mine but to take part in the final dance of the Time Warp. What help I had from the cast, especially Dr. Scott from the wheel chair and then Rocky with a flourish on the other side. I needed it too!

## Gay, Lesbian, Transgender, Spiritual Concerns & Studies

First Congregational Church of Christ  
822 Cleveland Ave.  
Niagara Falls, NY 14304  
*an open and affirming congregation*  
Contact: >>Jean2ts@aol.com  
716-283-4707  
WHEN: 3rd Sat. of every month (Discussion meeting)



BEIJING - A Hong Kong businessman who China was sentenced Monday to two years in prison. The case is awkward for China, which is trying to crush independent religious activity but doesn't want to disrupt a visit next month by President Bush. The sentence was lighter than others issued in the crackdown. In December, the leader of another banned Christian church was sentenced to death. The Chinese government only allows state-monitored worship.

If some are willing to break away from the Bells meeting to talk on spiritual issues, let me know. We live in a country that allows freedom of worship. Thank you Lord! Last month's subject: King David, with out compromise >What do you want to talk about?

John 20:31 - "But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name."

Directions: From Buffalo. Go to north Grand Island Bridge. Exit to the Robert Moses Parkway. Travel to the end. Turn right and go to 3rd St. Turn left. This changes to Whirlpool Street. Turn right onto Cleveland Ave. Church on the left.  
From Lockport: RT 104 to Whirlpool Street. Turn left onto Cleveland Ave

Before the number was complete, Magenta approached me with a big hug and a very deep kiss followed by her bending all the way back and over as I stumbled in my heels to keep us both from falling. Finally the music was at a climax and the cast was departing off the wings with only the two of us and she stepped back and was leaving me to the audience and a retreat down the steps off the stage. I wondered if I'd ever do enough curtsies and she raised her hands high in the air as a cue to me to mimic. Hands were waiting to help me down the tiny steps and the show was over.

More folks were waiting in the lobby for more words and photos. Nearly all were women, old and young and all dressed nicely for the theatre night out, a few in costume. One was a lovely lady (of the ten finalists) dressed in as a 50's 'June Cleaver' mother of the cast wearing a cute apron she had sewed for the occasion who wanted her picture taken with me.

The prizes were great and generous and I'm lucky and proud to win them.

But that wasn't the big thrill for me. It was being not only accepted as I was en femme -- but being complimented on my appearance by a wide cross section of enthusiastic women. After all those years in the closet! Oh, and my neighbors? When they learned I'd won and my picture had been on the front page of the local newspaper -- they insisted I come as I was to a big annual costume party they sponsor each year!

**Ms. Bobbi**

Hi, This is a very, very good story. I really enjoyed it...you did it in a fine style and the real point of the article, acceptance, comes through loudly!

**Cindy Martin**

**Publisher**

TG Forum (cindy@tgforum.com)

TIME: 6:00pm - 9:00pm (about)  
Downstairs on left side of Church  
EVERYONE IS WELCOME AT THIS FUNCTION AND  
SUNDAY WORSHIP SERVICE!  
Weekly Sunday service starts at 10:30 am  
3<sup>rd</sup> Saturday meeting starts at 6:00 pm  
-Next meeting is March 16,2002

brought thousands of Bibles to a banned Christian group in

Pride Buffalo, Inc. is pleased to kick-off another great year of excitement and celebration throughout Western York's gay,



lesbian, bisexual and transgender community. A month-long schedule of events, workshops and special activities are set to take place during the month of June.

To help you become more informed about Pride activities, our new website <http://www.pridebuffalo.org/> is now up and running. This site will provide you with information and updates about Pride Buffalo

events. Want to get involved with this year's activities? Just click on the "Volunteer Opportunities" link and sign up. So get ready to celebrate and be forever proud.

A make-up demonstration is scheduled for April's meeting. We'll have a "Mary Kay" saleswoman on hand to discuss make-up application and sell products. If there is any product(s) in particular you would like to purchase let me (Michelle F.) know in advance so she can possibly bring it with her to our meeting.

Miss Suzi is the proprietress of a fashion boutique in Buffalo, where warm friendly people and low-cost sexy glamorous clothing and accessories are always in fashion. If you have a question you would like to ask Miss Suzi or if you would like to



comment on any transgender issue send me a letter or stop by the studio at 430 Delaware Avenue Buffalo, NY 14202. You can phone at: 716-884-7991.

What do we have? The better question is what don't we have. wigs, high heels, undies, girdles, corsets, nylons, petticoats, pantyhose, slips, crinolines, lingerie, gowns, dresses, tops, skirts, gloves, furs, jewelry..

Sample prices>Dresses and Skirts - \$20 High Heels to Size 14 - \$50 Lingerie and Sets - \$20 Wigs - short and sassy to showgirl \$20-60 Beaded Sequined Gowns - \$20-50 French Maid Uniforms - \$100 Petticoats and Crinolines \$30-40

We still could use some volunteers to sit at an information table at the PEP Buffalo March 15,16,17 event. We will share a table with another group. Why not join in!

### PEP Buffalo

Web site: <http://www.geocities.com/pepbuffalo1>

E-Mail: [PEPBuffalo@aol.com](mailto:PEPBuffalo@aol.com)

Info: 559-3062

### PEP Calendar

February 16<sup>th</sup> Play Party

March 2<sup>nd</sup> Meeting

March 15<sup>th</sup>, 16<sup>th</sup>, & 17<sup>th</sup> > 3-day Event

March 23<sup>rd</sup> Play Party

April 6<sup>th</sup> Meeting